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St. John's College Quarterly

War-Echoes of 1812-13

A Collection of Poems Relating to Events of our Last War with England Compiled from Contemporary Records

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TOLEDO, OHIO.

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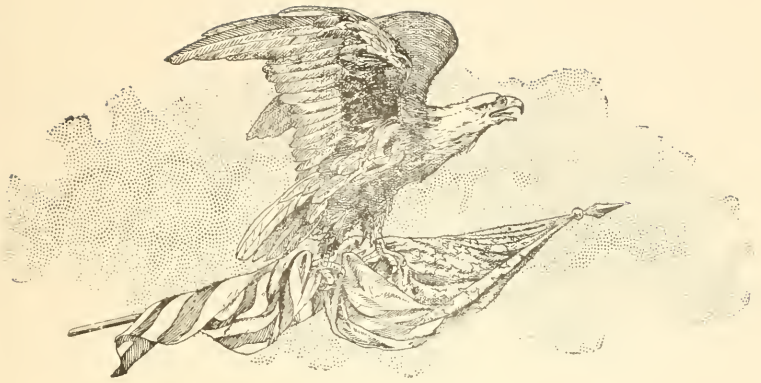

On June 18, 1812, President Madison signed the bill declaring war on England. The chief complaints against the English government were the impressment of American sailors, the injury to our trade resulting from the blockade of the ports of anti-British countries, and the alleged instigation of the Indians against our citizens.

Officially, the war was ended on December 24, 1814, with the treaty of Ghent, although the last and most decisive battle—that of New Orleans—was fought and won by the Americans two weeks after the signing of the treaty, the fact not being known on this side of the Atlantic.

Whether we consider the final settlement, which might have been more satisfactory, or the generalship displayed and the spontaneous enthusiasm evoked, the war of 1812-14 fails in comparison with the Civil War and the War of the Revolution.

Nevertheless, the gain was great. Thanks to the undaunted prowess of its captains and sailors, the American navy became respected abroad. The United States rose to the rank of a first-class naval power, while at home the vicissitudes of a common war, and, above all, the glorious victories won by our navy, did much to strengthen the bond of

union and to establish a solid basis for a peaceful development of the great resources of our country.

The poems presented in this pamphlet relate to the first half of the war of 1812-14, that part in which we, the people of the "Western Frontier," are naturally most interested, and which ended with Perry's glorious victory on Lake Erie and the evacuation of the Maumee Valley by the English.

These poems are not the work of a great master mind, nor the lucubrations of a poet laureate paid by his sovereign to sing the praises of by-gone events. They are the simple, home-spun effusions of the American Muse breathing the spirit of the time; contributions to contemporary papers by subscribers, who, in most cases, would not even sign their names.

Here we are brought face to face with the events of nearly a hundred years ago. We are witnesses of a patriotic enthusiasm that fired the volunteer to risk his life for home and country, and of the anxiety of those he left behind. We hear of battles and victories and dying heroes, of the "ancient foe" and the savage Indian. These very lines—we have good reason to believe—were read by the men in the garrisons, or sung by the soldiers on their march through the "Western" forests, where today, after a hundred years, the peaceful farmer plows the field, or the industrious merchant, in commodious quarters, sells his wares.

In grateful remembrance of the toils and risks of those who made it possible for posterity to accomplish such a change, this little collection is offered to the patriotic reader, to be used in preparing for the coming Centenary, or to be placed on the tomb of the Brave—a wreath of wild flowers gathered from the field of battle.

F. J. H.

A WAR SONG.

By Clifton.

Soul of Columbia, quenchless spirit, come!
Unroll thy standard to the sullen sky,
Bind on thy war-robes, beat thy furious drum;
Rouse, rouse thy lion heart, and fire thy eagle eye.
Dost thou not hear the hum of gathering war?
Dost thou not know
The insidious foe
Yokes her gaunt wolves, and mounts her midnight car?

Dost thou not hear thy tortured seamen's cries?
Poor hapless souls, in dreary dungeons laid;
T'wards thee they turn their slim imploring eyes;
Alas! they sink—and no kind hand to aid.
Thou dost, and every son of thine
Shall rest in guilty peace no more;
With noble rage they pant to join
The conflict's heat, the battle's roar.
Loose to the tempest let thy banner fly,
Rouse, rouse thy lion heart, and fire thy eagle eye.

—From The Independent Chronicle.

SONG.

By W. Ray.

In peevish mood was heard to say,
A grave old gentleman one day,
Or, rather, heard to chatter,
"The world is in a wild uproar,
Its head behind and tail before,
And ev'ry thing's the matter

By edicts, orders and decrees,
Our ships both France and England seize,
Especially the latter;
Condemn their cargoes, and their crews
Treat worse than Heathens, Turks, or Jews,
And ev'ry thing's the matter.

And when America declares
Her right to import goods and wares,
  Why, what a horrid clatter!
England replies, "The ocean's ours,"
And France will have no neutral pow'rs,
  And ev'ry thing's the matter.

If Congress cry, "A war let's wage."
The feds, with more than British rage,
  Our government bespatter
With filth and froth and speeches long,
Made up in part of Campbell's song,
  For want of other matter.

There's Henry's plot, too, coming out,
Why, what is all the world about!
  All going to a shatter?
Corruption, brib'ry, plot on plot,
Embargo—wheat begins to rot—
  And ev'ry thing's the matter.

My salutary counsel take—
The best of all these troubles make,
  And never let us scatter;
United—we are all in all,
Divided—we are sure to fall,
  And ev'ry thing's the matter.

When war approaches, arm, enlist,
Shoulder the musket—clench the fist,
  And British noses batter;
March to the fortress of Quebec,
But mind, and break each Tory's neck,
  Before you end the matter.

—From The Independent Chronicle

THE ADIEU

To the Author's Husband on His Joining the Army as a Volunteer.

By "Caroline."

Go, friend of my bosom, the trumpet's shrill cry
Has summoned the soldier to arms;
With patriot valor each bosom beats high,
And freedom her votaries warms.

Shall I, while my country is bleeding, recline
On the bosom of indolent ease?
No, no, in her cause, even thee I resign,
Though naught but thy presence can please.

Go, dearer than life to thy Caroline's heart,
The din of the battle's begun;
Go, share in each danger a valorous part,
And fight till the vict'ry is won.

The cherub of safety before thee shall fly,
And shelter the brave with her wing;
And mercy shall guard thee when danger is nigh,
And thee to my bosom shall bring.

And think not, dear youth, for thy absence I'll mourn,
And weep when I bid thee adieu;
I'll twine the bright chaplet to greet thy return,
And live, dearest soldier, for you.

Thy country had called thee, the mandate obey,
Oh, snatch not another adieu;
The tear I'll suppress, gallant soldier away!
I live for my country and you.

—From The Ontario Messenger.

THE KIDNAPPED SEAMAN.

Sons of freedom, break your slumbers,
Hear a brother's piercing cries,
From amidst your foe's deep thunders,
Hear his bitter griefs arise.

Seized by ruffians on the ocean,
From his kindred born away,
Forced to render his devotion
To relentless tyrant's sway.

See! with ruthless hands they chain him.
Iron fetters bind his arm;
Better that they first had slain him
And reliev'd from future harm.

See his naked body streaming;
Rills of blood beneath the lash;
See his eyes indignant beaming,
Sparkling vengeance as they flash.

"O my country," hear him calling,
"When, O, when, the happy hour
That the sailor saves from falling
In those demons' lawless power?"

Shall we hear his sad petition
Echoing o'er our hills and dales,
And turn unmoved from his condition,
While his miseries he bewails?

Sons of freedom, arm for battle,
And avenge your brother's cause;
Let your thund'ring cannon rattle
For our country and her laws.

—From The (N. Y.) Public Advertiser

DYING STRAIN

Of an American Captive Sailor, on Board an English Man-of-War on Service in the Indian Ocean.

By A.

Land of my birth, farewell! The sea rolls dark;
The golden sun beyond yon waves descending
Now lights yon hills. Now is the soaring lark
Her sweetest notes with nature's matins ending.
And now my Mary's pray'r to Heav'n ascending
May bless these arms with home and liberty!
Ah, no, my soul! This awful gloom impending,
And death-like shades, that glide along the sea,
Whisper: "Poor lonely sailor, home is not for thee!"

Early my youthful bosom sought the strife
That laid, alas, my gallant father low—
Early my mother taught her son that life,
Bereft of freedom, he must never know!
Yet from aloft do British streamers flow!
Mary, a long farewell; my pangs are o'er;
My soul her anchor weighs—and when the glow
Of early morn illumes yon darksome shore,
This form shall soundly sleep, though Indian billows roar.

—From The National Intelligencer.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Of John Park, Late Editor of the Repertory.

(Tune: Derry Down.)

Adieu, my dear country—the ISLE I admire,
Whose soil did my forefathers' bosoms inspire;
With affections still filial, that land I revere,
And to the "rights of her Navy" will always adhere.

Columbia proclaim'd that her Press should be free,
And my sheets have been always devoted to THEE;
I've supported your cause with a great deal of sense,
Although my good patrons have been sparing of pence.

The laws of "necessity" I've freely explor'd,
Lest justice again on the main be restored;
Yet in vain I have strived to rule with the quill,
The Republic has damned me in spite of my will.

The name of Democracy I justly despise,
Because they have often detected my lies;
Yet the people exulting will burst in a roar,
When they find by their papers John Park is no more.

Though my friends have deserted, I will not despair,
If I've nothing to lose, I've nothing to fear.
But for Britain's success will as fervently pray,
As a pious Church Rector upon a Fast day.

From the rage of contention I'm about to retire,
For I find that the "laborer is worthy his hire;"
But before I depart, let me tell you one thing:
My good brother Federalists, STICK TO YOUR KING.

—From The National Chronicle.

THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

Ere the dew on the valley had melted away,
Or the morning b'rd finished its earliest lay;
With battle-ax keen and with bayonet bright,
From the home of my childhood I marched to the fight.

'Tis true in that march I shall leave for behind,
A father that's dear, and a mother that's kind;
And sometimes when fiercely the winter-winds rise,
My sisters in anguish may wipe their blue eyes.

When I think of the hall where so often I've play'd,
And the tree that has cooled me in summer with shade;
The reverend old oak whose majes ical form
Was ne'er wither'd by lightning nor bent by the storm;

When I think of the flocks that I've nourished and fed,
In the sunshine of youth ere its lustre had fled;
The tear of remembrance may steal to my cheek,
And my tongue for a moment my suffering may speak.

But I go in the spirit of freedom to save,
And my fate if I fail is the fate of the brave,
I go where the fife wakes its melody thrill
And the watch fire burns bright on the brow of the hill.

I well know the soldier's a pitiless lot,
And the scars on his bosom too soon are forgot;
He's awed into silence nor dare he complain,
At the cold sleety shower or the fast driving rain.

I go to the wilderness far in the west,
Where the footsteps of murder the soil has oft pressed;
Where the billowy Lake in the summer breeze plays,
And thirsting for carnage the red savage strays.

Then father and mother and sister adieu!
'Tis my country I weep for, remembering you;
The reward that I ask and the boon that I crave
Is the warriors renown or the patriot's grave.

—From the Independent Chronicle.

INDIAN WARFARE.

Hark the fierce yell, the savage cry,
The war-whoop rends the western sky!
Extermination leads the van.
Deaths spares not female, child or man.

Hark the fierce yell! sad echo hear!
Terrific death approaching near,
The horrid sound appals the brave,
Whose glory is to spare and save.

Hark the fierce yell! the warning blow
Is struck, and lays the warrior low!
The bleeding body yields the strife
And, dying, feels the scalping knife.

From ambush hear the cry arise,
The savage whoop declares surprise;
Each rifle marks its aim unseen,
And lays the warrior on the green.

From ambush see the savage dart,
The war-whoop rending ev'ry heart;
Alone, undaunted, see the brave
Oppose their brests, and find a grave.

Darkness and death now stalk around;
The savage heard, but nowhere found;
The muskets' flash alone declare
The foe conceal'd in thickets there.

Dislodge the foe, the thickets pierce,
The savage meet, as brave as fierce;
Press on, press on, as fierce as brave,
Companions, friends, and self to save.

There grapple with the tawny foe,
Till tomahawk shall give the blow,
And end the fight; or savage drive
From covert, wounded or alive.

There should you meet untimely death,
And for your country yield your breath,
On Davies' tomb, for Davies' name,
Be yours carolled for endless fame.

—From The Mercantile Advertiser.

A SEA SONG.

(Tune: "Banish Sorrows.")

Comrades! join the flag of glory,
Cheerily tread the deck of fame,
Earn a place in future story,
Seek and win a warrior's name.

Yankee Tars can laugh at dangers:
While the roaring mountain wave
Teems with carnage—they are strangers
To a deed that is not brave.

May our banner'd stars, as ever,
Splendidly o'er freemen burn,
Till the night of war is over,
Till the dawn of peace return.

—From The National Intelligencer.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

'Bout forty years ago
As well as in these times,
Were just as much of treason,
And just as many crimes.
Our country then had enemies
Which time cannot outgrow;
And Tories liv'd, as well as now,
Full forty years ago.

Then Arnold sold his country;
Since then A. Burr appeared.
In our view we see a few
With dastard heads uprear'd.
Yet where's the wonder? Marvel not,
It ever will be so;
Vile tories sold our rights for gold,
Full forty years ago.

—From the Charleston Gazette

THE TIMES.

An Ode for the Fourth of July, 1812.

By A. Davies, of New Jersey.

Times, alas, are most distressing,
They who feel may well complain;
Britain still our sons impressing,
Tyrannizes o'er the main.

Thousands doomed to base employments,
Spend in chains their hopeless lives;
Torn from all their dear enjoyments,
Parents, children, friends and wives.

Hear the father thus bemoaning:
"Oh, my sons, for you I die!"
While his captive children groaning
In a floating dungeon lie.

See, the line of battle closing!
See, the gallant foe advance!
See, our hardy sons opposing,
Forced to fight the tars of France.

Can you bear such treatment, freemen?
Will you drain the cup of woe?
Rouse, to save impressed seamen!
Rouse, to conquer every foe!

British Christians join the savage,
Both alike with fury yell;
All our frontiers, see, they ravage
Like a band let loose from hell.

Hark! the warriors wildly yelping,
O'er the woods and deserts roam;
Britain still the savage helping,
Works his passions to a foam.

Worst of all the human vices,
Let astonished earth behold!
Scalps are bought at stated prices,
Malden pays the sum in gold!

Freemen, can you bear such slaughters?
Will you drain the cup of woe?
Rouse, to save your wives and daughters,
Rouse, to conquer every foe!

Britain o'er Columbia glories
(Half seduced, as she believes),
Counting on a gang of tories,
Soon to help a gang of thieves.

Men who yield to base seduction,
Soon must bear their country's frown;
Doomed to death and dire destruction,
Let the hand of power come down.

Danger binds us all together,
Union is our surest rock;
One defense in stormy weather
But secures the chosen flock.

CHORUS:
Live forever, Constitution!
Live forever, Rights of Man!
Live forever, O Columbia!
Here true Liberty began.
—From The Trenton True American.

ON THE DEPARTURE.

Of the Volunteers of Her Home, in August, 1812.

By a Lady of Frankfort, Ky.

"Protect them, Heaven!" My faltering tongue
Could scarce to Heaven the prayer address,
For, ah! the heart from which it sprung
Felt the keen pressure of distress;
It bled for friends to distance born—
Departed—never to return.

O Freedom! must thy sacred tree
Be nourished still with tears and blood?
Must our expiring kindred be
Around thy reeking altars strew'd?
Oh! whence proceed these dire alarms—
Oh! why this sad appeal to arms?

Hark! through the forest's deep recess
Resounds the yell of savage war;
Onward the frantic legions press,
And bring destruction from afar.
See yonder cot in flames ascends,
And yonder lie your butchered friends.

And who supplies the murd'rous steel?
And who prepares the base reward
That wakes to deeds of desp'rate zeal
The fury of each slumb'ring horde?
From Britain comes each fatal blow,
From Britain, still our deadliest foe.

What! do not ocean's wide domains
Afford her sons sufficient prey?
But must they seek these distant plains,
And bribe the savage to betray?
Yes! Freedom here thy banner wave,
And here would Britain mark thy grave.

Then go, ye gallant warriors, go,
Arrest Destruction's swift career;
In mighty vengeance crush the foe,
And bid your hidden strength appear.
The sword which lingering Justice draws
Will surely guard a righteous cause.

Then, Freedom, if thy sacred tree
Must be sustained with tears and blood,
Perish the tyrants of the sea!
Perish their allies of the wood!
But, Heaven, direct each patriot arm,
And shield each patriot breast from harm.

And if the hero yields his breath,
Great God! receive his parting sigh,
And call him from the realms of death
To purer mansions in the sky.
And sweetly may his ashes rest
By all his country's wishes blest.
—From The Petersburg Republican.

IMPROMPTU.

By a Thirsty Jack Tar.

Come, fill your glass, let's drink, my boy!
The wind blows fresh and fairly;
The boatswain pipes all hands ahoy:
Drink brisk, my lad, and cheer'ly.
Drink to the hour we hope to meet,
At sea, old England's glory!
Drink to the hour when Hull first beat
The Guerriere fam'd in story—
Come, drink, my lad, to JONES let's drink,
Columbia's brave defender:
And while he "Frolicks" takes, we'll think
How best rewards to tender.
—From The Independent Chronicle.

STANZAS

Commemorative of some early achievements of the American Navy, that may be said or sung to the tune: "The Wandering Sailor Plows the Main."

Ye honest Tars of Yankee mould,
Whose gallant action fame has told!
Permit a brother tar to greet
The flag of our "Mosquito Fleet,"
Which you have taught to triumph o'er
That flag which ruled the waves before!

Our "Constitution" first began
T' assert the equal "Rights of Man,"
In that domain where Britain's pride
Those rights to other realms denied—
But Hull soon sent her Guerriere's bones
To seek a birth with "Davy Jones!"

Our little "Wasp," on dauntless wing,
Had flown abroad to try her sting,
And being both alert and brave,
She took a "Frolic" on the wave;
But this so far impaired her might,
A stronger Foeman stopped her flight.

A happier victory the Fates
Decreed for the "United States"—
Decatur on that brilliant day,
Might "veni, vidi, vici," say:
For Britain's naval empire shook
When he the "Macedonian" took.

Again the "Constitution" weigh'd,
To distant realms our stars display'd;
Where Bainbridge, fired by manly zeal,
Made arrogance his prowess feel;
For there he foiled his vaunting foe,
And laid the "Java's" standard low!

Our ships are staunch, our tars are brave
As ever dared affront the wave;
We wish—when they abroad must roam—
To bear the peaceful olive home—
But if insulting foes they meet,
With laurels they will load our fleet!

Superior traits of nautic skill,
Columbia's "log book" oft shall fill;

And there each gallant captain's name
This verse shall consecrate to Fame:
"From equal force he'll never fly,
But conquer or most nobly die!"
—From The National Intelligencer.

IMPROMPTU.

Britannia, sick of many an ill,
Sees various plagues await her.
Now finds another bitter pill,
Prescribed by one Decatur.

Let her go on and still contrive
To make the world all hate her;
Her venom we shall still survive
While we have one Decatur.

Then let's maintain the sailor's right,
And not one inch abate her;
We need not dread her force or spite,
With Hull and with Decatur.
—From The Independent Chronicle.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

December 31st, 1812.

Hark! Hark! I hear the pealing bell;
It is the year's departing knell;
It strikes upon mine heart—mine ear,
And fills me with an holy fear.

To transatlantic shores I turn,
Conquest's bloody wreath to mourn;
From Europe and from Asia's plains
Humanity has ta'en her flight;
There crime and desolation reigns,
And pity weeps the bloody sight.

Where Moscow, pride of cities, stood,
Whose lofty turrets mock'd the sky,
Dark desolation pours its flood,
And hostile banners proudly fly;
Striding o'er the blood-drenched ground,
Ambition waves her gory hand,
Attendant furies stalk around,
And vengeance leads the fiercest band.

Alas! on cis-atlantic shores,
Dark clouds the skies o'ercast,
For here, e'en here the "battle lours"—
Death rides upon the blast.
Echo starts from dells profound,
Silence wakes with wild affright;
Hark! "the drum's discordant sound"
Rolling through the ear of night.

Death, I see thy horrid train
Plunge into the awful fight—
Dreams of terror fill my brain,
Dreadful visions mock my sight!
One beam alone illumes the clouded sky,
Where vict'ry's triumphant banners fly;
Decatur, Hull and Jones in triumph meet;
The pride and glory of Columbia's Fleet!

Ere Winter's stormy reign is o'er,
Or Spring's first flowers blow,
May PEACE and HONOR yet restore
Pure JOY'S ecstatic glow!

—From The National Intelligencer.

LINES ON THE LATE GENERAL PIKE.

(Written Immediatly After Hearing of the Capture of York.)

Columbia's conquering colors wave
O'er British walls once more;
Columbia's stars triumphant shine
On wild Ontario's shore.

Hail! to the band who nobly fought,
And nobly died that day—
And hail! to him their gallant chief,
Who marshall'd them the way.

On his last march to glorious death,
The dawn of victory gleam'd,
And on his dark and dying hour
Its fullest radiance streamed.

Peace to the hero's martial shade;
His country's voice he hears,
Decree the wreath that never fades,
Dew'd with a nation's tears.

—From The Aurora.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

Hail to the Chieftain, undaunted in battle!
'Mid death-storms of lightning and thunder's loud rattle,
See Perry determined to strike the death blow—
How de dashes his bark on the line of the foe.
The streams of destruction that rush from her side,
Soon, soon for Columbia the vict'ry decide.
The red cross of Britain now strikes to our stars,
Whose splendor to glory oft lighted our tars.
See fame quick descending, now decking his brow—
That wreath of fresh laurels forever shall glow.
And the trophies he won, and the deeds of that day
Will emblazon our annals till time shall decay.
Columbia's young chieftain in glory presides;
On the Lake's swelling bosom in triumph he rides.
His thunder re-echos to Britain the tale,
That Columbians will fight, and Columbians prevail.
Oh! where is the heart that has secretly sigh'd?
Oh! where is the bosom that heaves not with pride?
If such there exist, let the lake be their doom,
Where the Champion of ERIE rear'd Britain a tomb.

—From the National Advertiser.

STRONG DRINKS.

The sea-boys of Britain so fond of good prog,
With Yankee rum never are cloy'd;
Our whiskey they swear makes the stiffest of grog,
But our Porter they wish to avoid.

And so they kept swigging and swaggering about,
To keep themselves manful and merry;
Till finding their cider and spirits all out,
They're dead-drunk at last with our PERRY.

—From The Columbian.

EPIGRAM.

By 'Erie.'

Each different palate some liquor will suite,
Ale, brandy, gin, port-wine, or sherry—
BELINDA—dare any her judgment dispute?
Thinks nothing is equal to Perry!

—From the Albany Argus.

NEW SONG.

The blow that our Perry has struck on the Lake,
Most timely, decisive and grand,
Abridged the rough path for our soldiers to take,
Whom Harrison led on the land.

The polished, the savage, as cruel an horde,
As e'er the scalped innocent curst,
As ever Religion for Bulwark adored,
Are caught, or have bitten the dust.

Hail gallant Republicans, honor'd and blest,
Who checked the barbarian corps—
When cowardice open'd the gate of the west,
To Proctor and Ruffians before!

This true British force, of invincible might
For mangling the prisoner and child—
Surrendered, unblushing their scalpers of night
To Harrison, gallant and mild.

The blessings of innocents, scared by their yell,
Who dreamt but of havoc and flame:
Exalting the Victor of Tygers so fell,
Embellish bold Harrison's name.

Remember the gallant young Petersburg band,
Who left their sweet home with applause;
Their spirit outstripping the call of the land,
Conquer or die for the laws.

Remember Kentucky—Ohio the young!
Brave Johnson and firm volunteers!
Their names o'er the empire be cherished and sung,
And sparkle the brighter through years!

Oh Freedom! such sons are the issue of sires
Who have vanquished Britain of old;
Who captured the cohorts and quenched her red fires,
Firm, patient, potential and bold!

Go; tell her this banner We'll never resign,
But grasp it while freemen have breath;
The Master of nature bestow'd it divine,
And millions will guard it 'till death.

—From the National Intelligencer.

SONG.

(Tune: "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.")

As old Queen Charlotte—a worthless old varlet,
Our brave naval forces was scorning,
She wished to be merry, and called for some Perry,
September the tenth in the morning.

When brisk Perry came, she found him true game,
To her cost, too, she gave him a warning—
So let her be merry, and remember Perry,
September the tenth in the morning.

It was on Lake Erie, when all hands were cheery,
A fleet was descried in the morning;
'Twas Queen Charlotte's fleet, so handsome and neat,
In a bold line of battle were forming.

But when evening came, though the fleet was the same,
That our brave naval forces were scorning,
They were beat—so complete—that they yielded the fleet,
To the one they despised in the morning.

Now let us remember the tenth of September,
When Yankees gave Britons a warming,
And our foes on Lake Erie were beaten and weary,
So full of conceit in the morning.

To the skillful and brave, who our country did save,
Our gratitude ought to be warming,
So let us be merry in toasting of Perry,
September the tenth in the morning.

—From The Aurora.

NAVAL SONG.

By Edward G. Holland.

(Tune: "The Glasses Sparkle.")

High fill the bowl, and round it twine
The laurel wreath of Fame.
The wreath that blossoms through latest time,
To deck the Hero's name.
To PERRY and his gallant host,
The sparkling wine shall flow;
They tam'd the pride of British boast,
And brought her glory low.

Stern o'er the dark tempestuous wave,
That heaves its sullen swell,
O'er many a hero bold and brave,
Who in that combat fell,
The shouting host of freemen rose!
Unfurl'd the flag of fight,
And base defiance to their foes,
To Britain and her might.

Together now the squadrons ride,
The thund'ring cannons roar,
The lightning's flash from side to side,
And slaughter wades in gore;
Fierce horror now patrols the deck,
To swell the rage of fight,
And tumult flies with hurried step,
And wild averted sight.

Where Perry moved the God of War
More fiercely seemed to glow,
Destruction, like a baleful star,
Rain'd terror on the foe;
From soul to soul the pride of fame,
The love of country flies,
And ev'ry heart received the flame,
That lighten'd on his eyes.

No longer rocks the battle's sweep,
On Erie's stormy tides,
But o'er its wide and ruffled deep
Victorious Perry rides;
Rise! Freeman of Columbia, rise!
Exalt the Hero's name,
Through distant lands and foreign skies
Sound! sound the trump of fame!

—From the Charleston Courrier.

THE BATTLE OF ERIE.

By Cledon.

(Tune: Humors of Glen.)

From hilltops to vallies, where rush the rude fountains,
Reverberating echo descends to the plain;
A messenger sent by the maid of the mountains,
To hail her brave children, the sons of the main.
She flies, and the caves utter forth their devotion;
The forests in silence recline on the air;
She waits on the verge of the hill-bordered ocean,
And greets thus those heroes who won laurels there.

"Rejoice now my hearts, 'tis time to make merry,
For each has in turn had at Britain a blow;
Though last not the least is the name of our Perry,
Who bravely has swept from an ocean the foe.
By Malden protected the union was soaring;
On Erie a visit it ne'er dar'd to make;
At length, grown superior, the fleet slipped their mooring—
But Perry was posted that watch on the lake.

Six barques trimm'd for battle, the red cross displaying,
By Barkley commanded, their wings wide outspread,
Forsake their strongholds, on broad Erie essaying,
To meet with that foe they so lately did dread.
But Perry the Union Jack joyfully greeting,
Addressed thus his tars who impatient stood by:
"My lads! now they come, and most welcome the meeting:
We CONQUER! remember—WE CONQUER or DIE!"

The Stars and the Stripes on our banner were waving,
The eagle was perched in the noon's beaming sun;
And Battle ten minutes at us had been raving
Ere Perry thought proper to give them a gun.
Then, like the strong lion, disturb'd in his quarters,
Destruction and Carnage from slumber arose,
And Death in a flame walked abroad on the waters,
In council, deciding the fate of the foes.

Their doom was promulg'd in the voice of the thunder,
Whose flash was the sword that enforced the decree;
Astonishment stood with his eyes stretch'd in wonder,
To witness the will of those terrible Three.
Half hid in their smoke both ships were contending,
Their jaws pouring fire while the wide waters shake;
"My lads, THEY ARE OURS," see the union descending,
The eagle, triumphant, must soar on the lake!

Then hail to the name that shall long live in s'ory—
To Perry, who plead with such force for our right;
His manners won hearts while his valor won glory;
Now pledge him a brother approv'd in the fight.
Like Perry in conquest, so modestly glowing,
May Yankee tars ever receive their renown!
And ne'er, while the "bunting" they honor is flowing,
Forget how the Union he conquer'd came down.

—From The Columbian.

EPIGRAM.

On Master Yeo's giving lessons to Commodore Chauncey.

To instruct how to rule,
He "took Isaac to school";
And sure ne'er a lad could learn faster;
In a fortnight or so,
By the skill of a Yeo,
He thought nothing of—flogging his master!

—From the Albany Argus.

LINES.

Addressed to an Officer in the British Army—by a Lady.

O that the Muse might call, without offence,
The gallant soldier back to his good sense!
His temp'ral field so cautious not to lose!
So careless quite of his eternal foes!
Soldier! so tender of thy princes fame,

Why so profuse of a superior name?
For the king's sake the brunt of battles bear;
But—for the KING OF KING'S sake—do not swear.
—From the Independence Chronicle.

COLUMBIA FREE.

An Adaptation of "Dear Erin, or Cushlamachree."

Oh! dear to my heart is the temple of Pleasure,
The land of my being, Columbia free,
The wanderer's refuge, the freeman's fond treasure,
And Liberty hails thee her Cushlamachree;
Thy arms are extended to welcome with pleasure,
The Stranger that flies from oppression to thee.
The needy are sooth'd with thy tender caressing,
And sweet are the smiles, that breathe Cushlamachree.

Thy sons are all brave, but the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree,
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover.
The soul speaking blush that says: Cushlamachree.
Then flourish my dear native country forever,
May heaven protect thee from tyranny free!
I'll rest on thy bosom, nor leave thee, no never,
Thou glory of nations, dear Cushlamachree.

When distant the tempest of battle is beating,
The Genius of freedom thy guardian shall be,
And swift from the scenes of destruction retreating,
Shall find an asylum in Cushlamachree.
Oh there may the rest, the sweet country of heaven,
Till time be no more and creation shall flee,
And far from the regions of cruelty driven,
Repose on thy bosom, blest Cushlamachree.
—From the Democratic Press.

Explanatory Notes

The large numerals below refer to the pages of the text, the smaller ones to the stanzas which are to be counted from the top of the page.

5—1 **War Song**—One of the early war poems which appeared in the Independent Chronicle (Boston) June 29, 1812. Topic: the sufferings of impressed seamen, the most popular motive of the war.

6—2 **The Feds**—Federalists, a political party which was opposed to the war.

Campbell's Song—Thomas Campbell, English poet, 1777-1844.

—3 **Henry's Plot**—The correspondence between John Henry, an adventurer, and British officials concerning a secession movement — also called "Henry Documents" — were used by President Madison to forward the war.

—5 **March to the Fortress of Quebeck** — This was the original plan of campaign.

Tory — In early American history the equivalent of Pro-British.

7—1 **The Adieu**—A gem of patriotic poetry. The inspiration and enthusiasm derived from such heroic sentiments could not fail to rouse the soldier-husband to deeds of bravery and valor.

8—1 **The Kidnaped Seaman** — This and the following poem contain a vivid description of the sad lot of the impressed American sailor.

9—3 **Valedictory Address** — A fine specimen of sarcasm and irony.

The Repertory — A federalist paper, of alleged British sympathies.

10—1 **The Soldier's Song** — In this poem we become acquainted with the fine material that made up our fighting force in the "Northwest"; sturdy farmer boys from Ohio and Kentucky, soldiers burning with

love for their country and their native farms.

11—1 **Indian Warfare** — A graphic description of the fate that awaited the volunteer, should he encounter the savage ally of Great Britain in the "Western Forests" — a prophetic vision, when we recall the terrible massacre of Colonel Dudley's brave Kentuckians near Fort Meigs in May, 1813.

13—1 **Sea Song** — With such songs on their lips the men on Perry's fleet sailed from Erie, Pa., to "seek and win a warrior's name."

—4 **Forty Years Ago** — Referring to the War of the Revolution.

—5 **Arnold** — Benedict Arnold, commonly known as the "Traitor."

A. Burr — Aaron Burr, whose conduct in 1804-6 gave rise to the accusation that he schemed to disrupt the Union. He was tried for treason, but acquitted.

14—8 **Scalps are Bought**, etc.—To this line and the next we find the following foot-note in the original: "Fort Malden, where the British pay the Savages for American scalps."

Fort **Malden**, the headquarters of General Proctor, was situated on the Canadian side of the mouth of Detroit River, on the site of the present Amherstburg.

15—1 **On the Departure**, etc.—The editor adds the following note: "She (the author of the poem) was, alas! too prophetic, for many, many of these brave patriots have fallen fighting for the liberty of their country."

17—1 **Impromptu** — Commodore Isaac **Hull**, in command of the frigate **Constitution**, destroyed the British frigate **Guerriere** (August 19, 1812). This was the first successful naval action of the war. Cf. Holmes' Poem "Old Ironsides."

On October 18, 1812, Jacob Jones, commander of the **Wasp**, captured the English brig **Frolic**.

—3 **Mosquito Fleet** — A fleet of small vessels, a term also used in our last war with Spain.

18—2 Hardly had the Wasp captured the Frolic, when it was itself overhauled and captured by the British frigate Poictiers.

—3 The frigate **United States**, commanded by **Decatur**, Captured the English frigate **Macedonian** (October 23, 1812) and brought her in triumph to Newport, R. I.

—4 In December, 1812, the **Constitution**, then under the command of Captain Bainbridge, made a wreck of the British frigate **Java**.

19—2 **Impromptu** — See note to 18-3.

20—1 **Moscow** (Russia) was entered by the French army on September 14, 1812. A conflagration destroyed this "pride of cities" and compelled Napoleon to start on his disastrous retreat.

—2 **On cis-Atlantic Shores** — In America, our land-forces met with disastrous reversals in 1812, the retreat of General Hull and the surrender of Detroit.

—4 The hopeful vision of the author was not to come true. Not only did the spring of 1813 fail to see the end of the war, but the whole of 1814 found the parties still in the field.

—5 General **Pike** led the successful attack on York (now Toronto), Canada. In an explosion which occurred during the assault, General Pike was killed by a flying stone.

21—4 **Perry's Victory** — One of the great events in American history and the most brilliant achievement of the war of 1812-14. On September 10, 1813, Oliver Hazard Perry, a young naval officer, after a terrible fight, destroyed the English fleet on Lake Erie. The battle took place near the western end of the lake. This glorious victory, which meant the re-conquest of the Northwest, raised Perry to the summit of naval fame, and lavishly did the American Muse shower her praise upon the Hero of Lake Erie. We offer in this collection, some of the earliest specimens which appeared in print before the close of 1813.

22—1 **Strong Drinks** — Note the allusion: "**Porter**," a fermented malt liquor, very popular in England, and

"our Porter," an American captain, in command of the Essex, who succeeded in capturing seven English ships along the coast of South America.

—2 **Perry** — Also a fermented liquor made from pears.

—3 See preceding note.

—4 **Abridged the rough path** around the lake. After this signal victory, Perry carried Harrison's army over to Canada, an undertaking which was impossible as long as a British fleet existed on the Lake.

—6 **Cowardice opened the gate of the west** — General Hull's inglorious retreat and surrender.

23—1 Harrison defeated the English and Indians on the Thames River and put them to flight (October 5, 1813).

23—3 **Petersburg**—Virginia, had sent her full quota of men to the front.

—4 Colonel **Johnson**, of Frankfort, Ky., had raised a contingent of mounted Kentucky riflemen, who took a very prominent part in the battle of the Thames. Johnson became Vice-President of the United States in 1837.

—7 **The Queen Charlotte**, one of the ships of the English fleet on Lake Erie.

27—3 Sir James Lucas **Yeo**, commander-in-chief of the English naval forces on the Great Lakes.
Commodore Isaac **Chauncey**, the American commander-in-chief on all the Lakes except Champlain.

28—2 **Cushlamachree** — My darling.

For further and more detailed information on the subject, the reader is referred to: History of the Naval War of 1812, by Roosevelt; History of the Navy, by Maclay; History of the United States, by Henry Adams. Also: Historical Collections of Ohio, by Henry Rowe; History of the Maumee Valley, by H. S. Knapp.

39 W

3